

WARREN
MAGAZINE



CREEPY
#94

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WEIRD CHILDREN'S ISSUE!

CREEPY

SUGAR
AND SPICE &
HEARTS
COLD AS
ICE!



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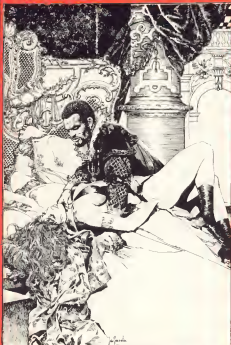
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**GIANT
SIZED**
12"x16½"

1978

WARREN CALENDAR



**FEATURING THE
WORLD'S FINEST
COMIC ARTISTS**

**Aureleon-Bermejo
Corben-Duranona
Gonzalez-Heath
Maroto-Ortiz
Severin-Torrents
Toth-Wrightson**

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This unique portfolio of illustrations features incredible works of fantasy, adventure and horror. A graveyard drama by Aureleon Bermejo's Rook pursued by Indian Death Bongi! What else is there to say? Duranona's heroine David with a mechanical Goliath! Gonzalez' Vampirella and Othello! Heath's dramatic Beauty and the Beast! Maroto's exquisite Inquisition dungeon scene! Ortiz' battling mutants and a hero! Severin's Indian Death Bongi! Torrents' dualing ogres in medieval costume! Toth's Mongol warrior with a conquered maiden! Wrightson's dramatic death scenario a cliff!

Here are 12 fabulous portfolio drawings by a renowned group of artists, that just happen to be a calendar... printed on high-quality stock using the finest methods available, carefully bound and very reasonably priced! 1978 WARREN CALENDAR #29029/\$2.99

**12 NEVER - BEFORE - PUBLISHED
BLACK & WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS**



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CREEPLY

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JANUARY 1978

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5 ETRAN TO FULSING Missions do not pass along every day, besides, Wyck was of age. A princess needed rescuing from an evil sorcerer and Wyck was well prepared to do the deed, if he could ignore those bizarre visions!

13 THE COMIC BOOKS Superman vs Cosmos and . . . loses? The invincible defender of truth and justice has finally met his match and this is no comic book tale. It's a success story and a disaster epic all rolled into one.

14 BAD TOMMY That Tommy was a mean one and the awful things he did forced people to wonder if the little monster was truly human. He hadn't always been bad. What caused him to change? It was Miss Abbie's job to find out.

23 ADA When Coburn first encountered Ada he was intrigued. Years later, when he happened to run across her again, he found her changed, even more youthful and lovely than their first meeting. Such was Ada's destiny and her curse!

31 BESSIE Early one morning they fished Jaime Bradley out of Wilbur's River, bludgeoned to death. Bessie had been the last one to see him alive but she couldn't be found and small wonder. Bessie had a little secret of her own.

39 SACRIFICE They were just a group of kids fooling around with dark sorcery. Only Demien was completely serious about the rites and especially the sacrifices. He knew it was more than a game. It was life, but also death!

48 BACKWATERS & TIMING Tiny Ted had one simple ambition in life, to land the biggest fish ever. When "Backwaters" promised to grant his wish, he was ecstatic with joy. But there was a catch which was no catch!

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Dear Uncle Creepy...

CREEPY #92 was an issue that, in contrast to what happens all too often in comics, more than lived up to its advice: *balloony*. More than worth the extra four bits in price, it was an auspicious milestone on the magazine's way toward the century mark.

The opening tale, "A Toast to No Men's Memory," was a masterpiece on all counts. Len Wein's writing was clean and straightforward, with none of the gimmicks one encounters all the time these days. As for John Severin's art... well, words almost fail me. The amount of detail he put into the drawings is truly incredible. Even the allusions and allusions were always in correct position for each panel's attitude. How many artists would bother with such a minor detail?

Nor did the rest of the issue pale into insignificance. "Mrs. Sludge and the Picked Octopus Raid" may have had an all-too-obvious ending, but Bill Dudley still made it fun getting there. Luis Bermejo, while not quite up to the standards of some of his recent work, was still more than adequate for the task.

Nick Cuti's "Instinct" made up for its slight case of familiarity: stories of this type were much more common in the Warren books back around 1971-72 than in recent years. By its good pacing and clever dialogue its esthetic value was heightened by the use of Rich Corben.

What can I say about "Toward High Places," except to say it was another Bruce Jones tour-de-force? How this guy does it so consistently, I'll never know. The choice of Ramon Torrents was also perfect. He seems more at home in exotic settings such as this. Was contemporary, everyday locales creep his style?

Russ Heath's plot for "The Executioner" even with Gary Bates' dialogue was a hole in the sky. (Why didn't Doc Monroney just send another hit man to shoot Tony Desoto from ambush, instead of concocting the plan he did?) There was no faulting Mr. Heath's art, though. It was everything we have come to expect from him over the years.

"Goddess in a Kingdom of Troils" showed Gerry Boudreau writing in the Bill Dudley style, and doing very well with it. Of course, he had plenty of help from Esteban Meroto.

"Everybody and His Sister" was the closest thing this issue to a disappointment. Jim Starlin's story, while slight, had possibilities. But Leopold Sanchez's art just didn't take advantage of them.

Things were much better with "The Generations of Noah." Whatever you do, keep that Roger McKenzie/Lee Durawene team together. They're great!

BRIAN CADEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

The art and stories for CREEPY #92 was by far your best ever. I would have bought the issue just for Corben and Heath but I have no desire to slight the other fine art inside.

My one question involves a story called "Instinct" by Cuti and Corben. It was a nice little tale, mostly, with a couple of very interesting characters and a semi-comic ending, but it somehow seems different from stories either of them are doing today. Are they both trying out a new style or what?

NATHAN PHELIPS
Holiday, Fla.



The vintage look to the Cuti/Corben story, "Instinct," was no accident. It was, in fact, a never-before-published story, buried in our CREEPY Crypt for almost a decade... unearthed for you recently for this special issue!

My first thoughts about CREEPY #92 were of disappointment. Why? Well, first off, it was the cover. A beautiful Frank Franza effort, but still a reprint. I sincerely hope this doesn't continue much longer, and you find someone to replace Ken Kelly.

Secondly, I was bothered by the absence of a color story which would have really added to the overall quality of the issue.

Thirdly, the little price-code box on the bottom of the cover was annoying. This isn't your fault, I realize, but it sure does mar the cover.

OK... now for the praise. When I finished reading "Toast to No Men's Memory," I instantly thought, "This issue has the makings of a classic!" I was right. Len Wein was in top form with this "surprise-ending" tale which had superbly effective art by John Severin.

"Mrs. Sludge and the Picked Octopus Raid" was one of the clearest stories I've read by Bill Dudley in a long time. An entertaining tale with especially good artwork by Luis Bermejo.

"Instinct," by Nick Cuti and Rich Corben was quite good.

"The Executioner," by Russ Heath and Gary Bates was another good story with an excellent twist to it.

"Goddess in a Kingdom of Troils" looked like a fantasy yarn at first, but Gerry Boudreau's moral was a simple, truthful philosophy: be yourself!

"Everybody and His Sister" was classic Starlinism. A brilliant story through and through, with excellent art by Leopold Sanchez.

The last tale, "Generations of Noah," was one of Roger McKenzie's more sophisticated prose tales with many interesting concepts. Great art from Lee Durawene, also.

The only trouble is, how are you going to top this issue when #100 comes around?

BRUCE MCCORMICKDALE
Omaha, Neb.

Picking up the latest issue of CREEPY, I was more than shocked to see the \$1.75 price. To compensate, it seems, the word "BEST" "BIGGEST" "MOST EXCITING" appeared prominently on the cover, proclaiming the magazine to be some sort of "terrible" perfection.

Well, guys, big it was... good I'm not so sure.

It was, as a whole, only so-so. The stories, with the exception of two, used old, tried plots with little else to make for an exciting tale.

"Picked Octopus Raid" by Bill Dudley was perhaps the most repulsive of an old theme I've seen better from Bill. The only redeeming quality of the story was its title. Bill has a fair for the bizarre.

"Instinct" by Nick Cuti has promise of creating a more macabre mood. The art by Rich Corben while not his best, was definitely well done.

"Executioner," by Russ Heath and Gary Bates, is a story I'd read for either CREEPY or EERIE. What, may I ask, is it doing in this magazine? As a story, we all know well in advance that Tony was going to "get his" in the end, it was only a question of when and how. For a third time, the lack of an innovative approach killed the story through predictability.

Predictability is once more the culprit for "Goddess in a Kingdom of Troils." Gerry Boudreau weaves a story that, while nicely narrated and containing a couple of good puns (Greece Man's Land) really doesn't do much in the way of entering my mind.

The highlight of the story was Esteban Meroto's art. The scene is brilliant!

A nice prelude marks "The Generations of Noah," and a couple of good turns of the plot keeps the images flowing. However, we all know how this one's going to end, too.

I ask you, whatever happened to originality?

"Toast to No Men's Memory," by Len Wein, was beautifully paced, narrated, and quite original. Up to a point it seemed that he, too, was bitten with the desire to conclude this neo-classic with a run of the mill ending. All in all, it was a good, strong effort. But lacking that one spark that would have made it great.

"Toward High Places," by Bruce Jones, who is far away the best writer Warren has, featured a good ending. Jones managed to entice us, and offered a good, satisfying ending to one of the best illustrated pieces in this entire mag. Ramon Torrents' realism is exceptional in quality and each page seemed to come to dazzling life.

"Everybody and His Sister," by Jim Starlin, almost stole the entire show, but it lacked a good reason, and thus, a satisfying conclusion.

ALAN R. CROSS
Anchorage, Alaska

I enjoyed CREEPY #92 without exception. The art was clearly exciting and the stories were fast-paced and varied. Give us more issues of this quality.

BEN SEGAL
Bangor, Maine

Both of the Summer issues, 91 and 92, didn't have any color sections. Will you ever have a holiday color section again? If so, when?

GREG LAMMERS
Hillesh, Florida



Yes, Greg, there will be a color section of the Christmas issues of CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPI.

CREEPY #92 was, in the cover proclaimed, one of the best of all the issues to date. Oh, tale for tale and art for art I could probably pick out better stories in other issues but as a whole, it was just great. Not a clunker in the lot and a good variety.

My only negative comment was about the cover, if I dare say anything negative about the fantastic Mr. Franza. I am crazy about his work but I would rather see good "new" art instead of incredible "old" art. Okay?

JEROME BARSCHE
Shillington, Pa.

CREEPY #92 was one of the better issues I've read lately, not because of the stories, but the art. Rich Corben, John Severin, Ramon Torrents, Esteban Meroto, Lee Durawene... all in one issue!

Firstly, a fantastic Frank Franza cover reprint—but much as I like Franza's covers, I'd rather see new ones.

"The Generations of Noah" was by far the best story in the issue. Roger McKenzie produced a very well written tale.

"Goddess in a Kingdom of Troils" was the best drawn story this time around. Esteban Meroto's art suited this delightfully fantasy excellently. I loved Gerry Boudreau's handling of this type of tale. Can we see more like this one?

Daniel Gavin's letter has me wondering about CREEPY's 500th issue. Can you give us a hint as to what you have planned?

BRIAN RECEVEUR
Prince Albert, Canada



No... but we promise you it will be the Best CREEPY ever!



"ZADAM, THE DARK
WOLF OF FULSING,
HAD KIDNAPPED THE
YOUNG PRINCESS
ETRAWN AND HER
FATHER HAD SENT HOD
TO ALL KNIGHTS THAT
A GREAT REWARD
WOULD BE GIVEN FOR
HER RETURN."

"HE'S SO YOUNG
MUST HE GO ON THIS
QUEST?"

"IF HE PASSES
TILL ANOTHER MY SON
COMES, HE MAY BE
TOO OLD."

"MY FATHER, THE KING OF
ALBAMMI, IS RIGHT. I CANNOT
WAIT UNTIL I AM THE PROPER
AGE AND THEN EXPECT A GUEST
TO BE WAITING FOR ME."

"YOUR DRAGON IS
READY MY BOY. ALDOW HAS
TO BE YOUR AID AGAINST ALL
FATHER OF BEAST."

"AND SO ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER MORN,
TO THE SOUNDS OF CROAKING FROGS AND
THE FLAPPING OF WHITE FEATHERED
WINGS, J. WYCK, THE YOUNG, SOUGHT THE
PRINCESS OF BROOKSLAND. MY
FATHER'S BARE ADVICE, WORDS WHICH
HE HAD SPOKE YOUNG WYCK - ALDOW -
LINGERED UPON THE AIR."

"OLD ETRAW HAS
SERVED GRANDFATHER AND
YOU. I WILL SEE TO IT
THAT HE ALSO SERVES
MY SON."

"REMEMBER, WYCK, YOUR
IMAGINATION IS YOUR BEST
ALLY AGAINST THE FORCES OF
DARKNESS. USE IT WISELY."

"HE'S SO
YOUNG"

ETRAW TO FULSING

WE TRAVELED ALL MORNING AND BY LATE AFTERNOON, WE CAME TO A NATURAL BRIDGE OF ALABASTER STONE WHICH WOULD BRING US TO THE LAND OF THE QUEEN."

WHICH QUEEN I DO NOT KNOW."

THE BRIDGE APPEARS TO BE QUITE SOLID. WHY DO YOU HESITATE? GO AHEAD.

"FROM THE GORRY WHIES, GREAT SEA BEASTS REACHED TOWARD US BUT THEY WERE MERELY A DISTANT THREAT UNTIL..."

THE BRIDGE TREMBLES AS IF IN A QUAKE.

THE SQUIDGY HAS BROUN THIS BRIDGE HAS CHANGED INTO A SERPENT!

ETRAIN! HOLD YOUR FOOTING SECURELY OR WE SHALL BECOME NAUGHT BUT **WEEB-WORMS** FOR THE SEA BEASTS

THE DILEMMA WAS THIS: IF I KILLED THE SNAKE, THE BRIDGE WOULD COLLAPSE BUT TO LET IT LIVE WOULD ASSURE OUR DOOM AT ITS FANGS."

HOLD TIGHT, FAITHFUL FRIEND!

"THEN I RECALLED WHAT MY FATHER SAID. 'IMAGINATION...' AND I KNEW WHAT TO DO. A SINGLE SWORD THRUST WOULD SAVE US."



HURRY, ETRAN!

I HAVEN'T
THE STRENGTH
TO HOLD THIS
SWORD IN PLACE FOR
MUCH LONGER.



WE MUST BE HASTY OF SUCH
ILLUSIONS. THE SORCERER
ZADAR WIELDS THEM AS I
WOULD A SWORD.

HE TRIES TO CONFUSE
WHAT IS REAL AND
WHAT IS NOT.



I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF THIS STORM.
IT COMES TOO SUDDENLY.
I SUSPECT IT IS ZADAR'S
DOING.

IN HIS
TERRITORY
ALL THE
ELEMENTS
ARE UNDER
HIS CONTROL.



HERE IT COMES! IF
MY SUSPICIONS ARE WRONG,
AT THE VERY LEAST HE
SHALL BECOME SOAKED.



"BUT I WAS NOT
WRONG. AT EACH
DROPLET OF
SUNLIGHT WATER
STRUCK THE
GROUND, IT EX-
PLODED INTO A
DEMONIC FORM."

ETRAN, STEADY!
WE MUST ESCAPE THIS
UNWIDY RAIN.

ETRAN!



"THEIR JAZZED RINGS RIPPED IN TO MY CLOTHING AS
THEIR CLAW-LIKE HANDS ATTEMPTED TO TEAR THE
FLESH FROM MY BONES."

ETRAN! COME BACK
HERE THERE ARE TOO
MANY OF THESE IN-
FERNAL BEASTS FOR
ME TO HANDLE!



"LUCKILY ETRAV'S COURAGE OVER-
CAME HIS CONFUSED PANIC AND
HE CAME TO MY AIDE."

"GOOD, BOY! I
KNEW YOU HADN'T
DESERTED ME."

"THERE ARE HUNDREDS
OF ZADAR'S MINIONS WE'VE
NO CHANCE TO KILL
THEM ALL. WE MUST
OUTRUN THEM."

"THE RAIN HAS
STOPPED. BUT THIS
LOATHSOME ARMY IS
EVERYWHERE."

"AS I APPROACHED THE
MAGIANS BANK BOMBOLÉ,
A SHOWER RAN THROUGH
ME. THE AIR CARRIED THE
ROLL STENCH OF BURNING
FLESH."

"SUCH THREATS FROM ONE
SO YOUNG AND PUNKY. YOUR
IMAGINATION HAS CARRIED
YOU FAR, ALL THE WAY TO THE
DEVIL'S DOORSTEP."

"THERE, FAITHFUL MOUNT,
THERE IS ZADAR'S HORROR
HOUSE, ORIGIN OF A THOUSAND
ATROCITIES. NOT EVEN THESE
VIREOUS BEASTIES WILL FOLLOW
US TO IT."

"WHAT IS ZADAR
COOKING WITHIN THOSE
WALLS? FOR HIS SAKE HE
HAD BEST NOT ALARM THE
PRINCESS OR I'LL CARRY
HIS HEAD HOME ON THE
TIP OF MY SWORD!"

"ZADAR!"

"YOU'VE COME FOR
THE LITTLE PRINCESS.
VERY WELL. I WILL ALLOW
YOU TO VIEW YOUR PRIZE
BEFORE I SQUASH YOU
LIKE A PISKY MOSQUITO."

"RISE UP, WISE
FROM YOUR WATERY
PRISON!"



"SHE WAS A PRETTY LITTLE THING, SO FRIGHTENED, HER FACE FLEWED FOR RELEASE BUT..."



"I COULD TELL THAT SHE HELD NO CONFIDENCE IN MY ABILITIES."



"EAGAR, YOU KNOW I SWEAR THAT I... I..."

"OH, GOD! NOT AGAIN!"



"GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE. THE GIRL IS MINE! SHE IS MY DAUGHTER AND YOU CAN'T HAVE HER YOU CAN'T!"



"I HAVE ABDUCTED THE FAIR CHILD FOR RANSOM. ONLY ITS PAYMENT OR MY DEATH SHALL RELEASE HER."



"THE LADY HAD COME AGAIN, THE BR. IN FEVER, IT WAS NOT THE MURDERER'S SONG FOR I HAD KNOWN SUCH LIPS BEFORE. I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY BEFORE I WAS OVERCOME AGAIN."

"HOW KIND OF YOU TO GIVE ME THE KEY TO HER FREEDOM!"

"DIE, SCORCHER! SCOUNDREL!"



"MYAM WAS PERFECT!"

"AARGH!"



"BUT TO MY RELIEF, ITS FRISKIE CHAMBER HAD NOT NARRED BY HER VIOLENT JOURNEY."

"I CANNOT RECOMMEND YOUR METHODS, BUT AT LEAST I AM FREE!"

"CALL ME WYCK OF ALBANYA. I AM AT YOUR ROYAL SERVICE."

"I OBTAINED MY SWORD FROM ZAGAR'S BODY AND THE THREE OF US ANXIOUSLY PREPARED TO PENETRATE THE MIS-ENCHANTED LAND."

"SIR WYCK, HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD IT SAID THAT IT'S FOLLY TO LOOK BACK."

"I'VE HEARD, PRINCESS. STILL I MUST TAKE ONE LAST LOOK OR FOREVER BE IN DOUBT."



"IT IS WORSE THAN EVER BEFORE. SO DARK AND CLEER AS IF IT WERE IDEAL. AND SAID I SHOULDN'T ALLOW MYSELF TO BELIEVE IN THOSE SCOVES CAUSERS, I WAS SENT BY ANOTHER WORLD, A WORLD OF HORROR CALLED EARTH."

"WYCK! LOOK OUT! BE ALERT! THOUGH THE SORCERER IS DEAD, HIS EVIL MAGIC LIVES ON."

"FORGIVE MY DAYDREAMING, PRINCESS."

"AS THE SORCERER DIED THE WATER ERUPTED INTO A GUSHING FURNING THE BELICATE PARCHON THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A CANNON BALL."





THE COMIC BOOKS

By Joe Brancatelli

There are thousands of them, 77,691 to be exact, and they are standing in the aisles and doubling up in the plastic seats and parking their bodies wherever there is space. They have come to this spanking new football stadium in the swamplands of New Jersey to cheer and to scream and to clap their hands like none have ever screamed, like none have ever cheered, like none have ever clapped their hands before. These 77,691 people have ignored the rain in the morning. They have come despite the hot, muggy August afternoon and they are laughing at the ugly, black rain clouds that threaten their evening's entertainment. They have come to be fans and nothing will stop them. Not the rain or the heat or the clouds.

But these thousands are not here to see the New York Giants, the football team for which this stadium was erected last year, nor are they here to see any football team.

They are here to see soccer, a game to foreign only seven years ago that no American newspaper even bothered to have a soccer writer. Most of all, they are here to see the New York Cosmos, a team so boring only seven years ago that they once played a match in front of a paid crowd of seven people.

Down in the "good" seats, where the rich people and the sports writers sit, a man in the blue suit and tie is screaming with joy as the Cosmos score eight goals to beat the Fort Lauderdale Strikers. He is yelling with devotion and love and pride as the Cosmos win the first game of the North American Soccer League playoffs. Most of all, he is screaming and yelling to reporters.

"We made this," he bellows through a wide grin. "See all these people? They are all here because of us. We made the Cosmos. We made soccer in this country. All by ourselves." The man in the blue suit yells, "all by

ourselves we made soccer in America."

The man in the blue suit is not crazy. He is not a drunken man who has caught the press's fancy. He is a business executive, a high-level employee of Warner Communications, the company that owns the New York Cosmos. Most of all, he is telling the truth.

All by itself, Warner Communications made soccer a big business in this country.

Joe Brancatelli, an assignment for *Parade* magazine, is string three seats away from the Warner executive, dutifully writing down whatever he is saying. But I am wondering: Wondering why this is not another one and another place and wondering why I am not Joe Brancatelli, comic-book columnist. Most of all, I am wondering why this Warner executive is not on a stage in some hotel ballroom during some comic convention, telling hundreds of kids and fans that "Warner Communications made comic books."

The company that eventually became Warner Communications bought DC comics a decade ago at the height of its prestige and earning power. Warner shelved out millions for the family-owned company, then the unquestioned comic-book leader, and even put DC honcho Jack Leibowitz on the Warner board of directors. Batman, a DC character, was on television, in books, in newspaper strips and was selling a million copies a month of both *Batman* and *Detective* comics. The rest of DC's comic-book line was basking in the reflected glory (and profitability) of Batman—and so was the comic-book industry in general. It was at its healthiest level in more than two decades with ten companies publishing comics, Marvel and Archie characters in television cartoons and more to follow.

Warner, for whatever the reason, ignored DC and the

comic-book industry. It took whatever profits it could on the Batman craze and ran when the bubble burst. Even though it was the only really powerful conglomerate in the business, it ran away. It let DC fall apart, despite all that the Warner companies could have done, and it let the industry fall apart. Both are in such dire straits today that neither may ever be able to put the pieces back together again.

On the other hand, Warner's forerunner bought the Cosmos in 1971 for exactly \$60,000. The Cosmos themselves were in a shambles, playing their games for non-existent crowds in dilapidated old Downing Stadium on New York's Randall's Island.

Superman versus Soccer

The North American Soccer League (NASL) as a whole was worth, perhaps, \$100,000 and was in imminent danger of forever disappearing off the face of the earth.

Warner, for whatever the reason, spent millions on the Cosmos. It moved them to Yankee Stadium and, when that didn't work, took them to the New Jersey Meadowlands Sports Complex and Giants Stadium. It spent \$5 million to lure soccer's greatest name, Pele, from Brazil to the Cosmos. When Pele wasn't enough, they spent millions more on Giuseppe Chinaglia, Italy's greatest soccer player and most prolific scorer. When Pele and Chinaglia weren't enough, they literally stole West German Franz Beckenbauer, who was universally recognized as the world's greatest player, and paid him millions to jump his German contract and come to the Cosmos.

There is no doubt that soccer, once a strictly

foreign madness—it now a big-money American sport that will soon be vying for the lion's share of the American sports dollar. The Cosmos are worth at least \$5 million today—if they were for sale—and could be worth \$30 million by the turn of the decade. The team, some say, may be the most valuable sports property in the world.

There is also no doubt that Warner, all by itself, has made soccer an American pastime. Perhaps a half-million American children now play the game. Five years ago only a handful of kids even knew what a soccer ball looked like. And there is also no doubt that Warner, an \$800-million entertainment conglomerate with immense power in the recording, motion picture, television and publishing industries, now has a foothold in sports, a key facet of the expanding leisure-time business.

But what of comic books, the industry Warner bought into at the zenith of its modern-day influence and then helped destroy by its detachment? An industry born, bred and developed in America? An industry that could surely be as profitable as soccer if Warner wanted it to be, if it had spent as much time and money on Superman and Batman and Captain Marvel as it has spent on Pele and Chinaglia and Beckenbauer?

If you care at all about comics, you have to wonder why Warner marched into the comic-book industry and then let it die. You have to wonder why it bought the world's greatest soccer players, but left the comics to god knows how many nameless, faceless corporate gremlins.

Most of all, you have to wonder—as I did that August night in the New Jersey swamps—why Warner pumped up soccer and ignored the comics, one of the few truly American contributions to the world's culture.

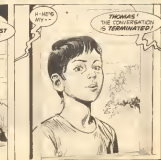


BAD TOMMY







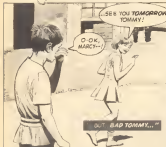




THEN A NEW FAMILY MOVED IN UP THE BLOCK AND I MADE A NEW FRIEND. HER NAME WAS MARCY...



...I LIKED HER A LOT...







FIRST SAW HER DURING A DEAMSTER BREAK IN MY FRESHMAN YEAR AT MED SCHOOL. I WAS HIKING IN THE CONNECTICUT WOODS SURROUNDING THE INSTITUTE WHERE MY FATHER HAD WORKED SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN. QUITE BY ACCIDENT, I NOTICED HER SITTING ALONE BESIDE THE TRAIL, HEAD BOWED AS IF IN PRAYER OR MEDITATION. SHE WAS DESTINED TO BECOME THE OBSESSION OF MY LIFE. HER NAME WAS...

Ada

OH! EXCUSE ME I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE. MY NAME'S ALAN COBURN

SHE WAS STARTLED BY MY SUDDEN APPEARANCE. WITHOUT A WORD, SHE JUMPED TO HER FEET AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE SURROUNDING TREES.



WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT? SHE MUST BE FIFTY YEARS OLD, BUT RUNS LIKE A DEER!



CURIOUS, I RETURNED SEVERAL TIMES, BUT DID NOT SEE HER THAT SUMMER. IT WAS FIVE YEARS BEFORE I MET ADA AGAIN...

WAIT! YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME!

SHE'S NOT AS OLD AS I THOUGHT SHE WAS...



SHE WAS THE MOST TWIP WOMAN I'D EVER MET, AND HAD A STRANGE STRONG PERSONALITY THAT WAS CURIOUSLY ATTRACTING...

YOU'RE REALLY THE SON OF DOCTOR COBURN? I'M... WAS... ONE OF HIS PATIENTS.

HE NEVER TOLD ME... BUT THEN, WHY SHOULD HE?



I NEEDED HELP TO RETURN HER TO THE INSTITUTE. SHE WAS HYSTERICAL, UNLIT, SEPARATED, AND MY FATHER, AFTER THE CRISIS HAD PASSED, WAS ALMOST IN A STATE OF Hysteria HIMSELF.



HE USHERED ME INTO HIS STUDY AND CLOSED THE DOOR. HE SAT BEHIND HIS DESK WITH A HEAVY SIGN, AND I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BE A PROFOUND AND COMPLEX STORY.



HE WAS A REMARKABLE SCIENTIST WHO GATHERED MANY LOYAL YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENTS, INCLUDING MYSELF INTO A CLOSE-KNIT ORGANIZATION DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO GENETIC RESEARCH.



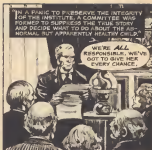
UNKNOWN EVEN TO US, HE DEVELOPED A FORMULA TO PROMOTE CELLULAR REGENERATION, AND TREATED HIS SERIOUSLY ILL WIFE BEFORE A SINGLE LABORATORY TEST WAS MADE.

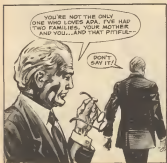
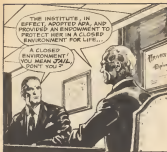


"SHE NOT ONLY RECOVERED, BUT SOON SEEMED TO RADIATE VITALITY IN THE OPINION OF ALL OF US WHO SAW HER BEFORE THE BIRTH..."

"BUT IT WAS A DIFFICULT CESARIAN DELIVERY, AND ADA'S MOTHER DID NOT SURVIVE THE OPERATION."







DATED BY MY FATHER'S REVELATIONS, STILL UNABLE TO BELIEVE THE VERACITY OF HIS FANTASTIC STORY, A MORE URGENT SHOCK WAS STILL TO COME...



SO MY FIRST OCCUPATION AFTER EARNING MY AMBITIOUS DEGREE WAS TO BECOME A "PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR"...



SO FOR A TIME I WAS ALLOWED TO SEE ADA FREQUENTLY, AND SHE CAME TO ACCEPT HER FATE. BUT OUR LOVE THAT HAD FLOURISHED FOR SO BRIEF A TIME COULD NEVER BE THE SAME...

I LOVE HER MORE THAN EVER... BUT MARRIAGE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION...

ON THE WESTERN FRONT, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ANNOUNCED THIS MORNING THAT THE ALLIES HAVE ADVANCED—

DON'T LOOK SO SKIN, DOCTOR. IT'S GOOD NEWS. THE WAR'S ALMOST OVER.

SHE APPEARED YOUNGER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL WITH EACH PASSING SEASON... BUT IT WAS ONLY AN OUTWARD ILLUSION.

CAREFUL, PEAR.

SHE LOOKS SO HEALTHY NOW... BUT I MUST REMEMBER HOW FRAIL SHE TRULY IS...

THE GRADUAL LACKLUSTER OF HER FAILING EYES AND WEARY, ARTIFICIAL MANNER OF HER MOVEMENTS BETRAYED HER TRUE AGE...

ADA'S LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE WAS AT AMY FATHER'S FUNERAL, AFTER WHICH I MADE PLANS TO LEAVE THE INSTITUTE PERMANENTLY.

HE WAS A GOOD FATHER TO US BOTH.

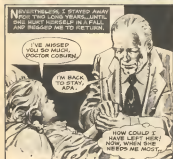
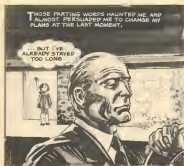
I LOVED HIM TOO.

I COULD NOT BEAR TO WATCH THE FINAL GROTESQUE STAGE OF HER LIFE... MY PARTING WORDS TO HER WERE A LIE.

I'LL ONLY BE GONE FOR A SHORT TIME, ADA.

WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, DOCTOR.

IT WILL ONLY BE A SHORT TIME, DOCTOR COBURN, GOD WILLING.



BESSIE

KURDITY AND MOSQUITOES THAT'S WHAT KID OF A DAY IT WAS WHEN THEY FISHED JIMMY BRADLEE, AGE SEVENTEEN, OUT OF MILLER'S RIVER. THE MID-MORNING SWEDEP ACROSS THE SKY LIKE MELTED BUTTER.

THE BOY'S MOTHER REPORTED HIM MISSING LAST NIGHT. HE WENT TO A PARTY. NEVER RETURNED. THIS IS HOW WE FOUND HIM.

HE WAS STRUCK ON THE HEAD WITH A BLUNT INSTRUMENT. DEAD BEFORE HE WAS THROWN IN THE WATER.

"SOMEBODY SHOULD DIE IN A DAY LIKE THIS. IT'S TOO HOT!" THOUGHT ONE OF THE MEN WHO HELPED CARRY THE BODY ASHORE. BUT SOMEBODY DIDN'T. THAT DUMB BRADLEE KID WENT AND GOT HIMSELF BROWNED AND MADE A BAD DAY EVEN WORSE.

ELSEWHERE, IN THE KITCHEN OF ELIZABETH CROSS, BREAKFAST SMELLED SO GOOD IT WAS ALMOST CASSEROLE, POTCHERS, BACON, MUFFINS, SLIGHTLY-BURNED TOAST, COFFEE.

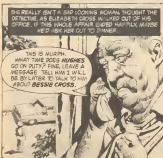
BREAKFAST IS READY, BESSIE. COME HELP ME SET THE TABLE!

THAT GIRL IS NEVER LATE FOR BREAKFAST. I WONDER IF SHE'S ALL?

BESSIE? IS ANYTHING WRONG?

BESSIE!

THERE WAS NO BESSIE. ONLY A WILD GUMMER BREEZE THAT GENTLY STIRRED THE CURTAINS OF AN OPEN WINDOW.



MISSIE REMEMBERED: THE BOY WAS AFRAID TO GO HOME AFTER THE PARTY, DON'T WANT HIS PARENTS TO KNOW HE WAS DRUNK. HE WENT FOR A LONG WALK BY THE RIVER WHICH IS WHERE SHE MET HIM.



BOSSIE REMEMBERED HOW HARD SOME HE LOOKED IN THE SOFT, MOON-LIGHT AS HE DROVE TOWARDS HER. SUDDENLY HE LURCHED, SLAPPED HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH, STAGGERED A FEW FEET AND BEGAN TO HOWL.



SENSE REMEMBERED - EXHAUSTED, SPENT SHE DRAGGED THE BLOODED BODY TO THE RIVER'S EDGE AND SAW IT WASHED AWAY BY THE CO.-STEEL CURRENT.



MECHANISM

TELL ME SOMETHING,
DETECTIVE MURPHY, WHAT
DOES JAMES'S DEATH MEAN
TO YOU?

IT MEANS MORE NIGHTS WITHOUT SLEEP, A LOT OF REPERWORK, AND A FEW EXTRA BOTTLES OF ANAALOX BUT IT'S WORTH IT BECAUSE I'M ~~NEEDED~~ BY A WHOLE TOWNFUL OF PEOPLE.

DID YOU EVER HEAR
JAMIE MENTON A GIRL
NAMED BESSIE CROSS?

NEVER MY SON WAS
A GOOD BOY, HONOR STUDENT,
DIDN'T DRINK, DIDN'T SMOKE—
NOT EVEN A CIGARETTE—AND
DIDN'T CHASE AFTER GIRLS.

HE'D HAVE GROWN
UP TO BE EVERYTHING I'M
NOT.

THAT PAGE WITH GREAT EYES ABOVE
 THESE THINGS? MYSTERY

WATKINS NOTICED HER WHEN TRAVIS A. B. FLEWER, 45, 517 TAPPE ROAD, POINT M. TELLING HER SO NOW, BOOBY OF WATER AS A RESULT OF THE B. WATKINS ON JAN. OTHER OTHER MIGHT WIFE HIS DAD PLANTED PARDON, BUT THE FISH ON

BESSIE REMEMBERED: **WARR**, MOST OF IT THOUGHT TO HER OF HER DADDY BEFORE HE RAN OFF, DESERTING HER COMPLETELY. THERE WAS NOTHING HE ENJOYED MORE AFTER A FEW ROUNDS IN THE LOCAL PUB THAN COMING HOME TO TORTURE HIS CONFUSED **BABYBROTHER**.



ONLY **WARR** AND DR HUGHES' **JOSEPH** ALL THE THINGS HE'D DONE TO HER AND NOW THOSE THINGS MADE HER **FEEL**.

BESSIE REMEMBERED: AS AN INFANT SHE HAD DIFFICULTY WITH THE SIMPLEST MOTOR TASKS, AND YET INTELLECTUALLY SHE WAS A **PRODIGY**, CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING EVEN **ABSTRACT** CONCEPTS.

BUT HER **EMOTIONAL** GROWTH DID NOT KEEP PACE WITH HER **COGNITIVE**, AND THE DEJECTION OF HER FATHER—AS BRUTAL AS HE TREATED HER—WAS THE ULTIMATE **REJECTION**.



BESSIE REMEMBERED: **WARR**, TRYING TO OVERCOMPENSATE FOR THE INJUSTICES HER HUSBAND HAD INFLECTED UPON BESSIE, PROTECTING, INTERFERING, **ADDING** FUEL.

THEN BESSIE STOPPED REMEMBERING FOR A WHILE. SHE HAD OTHER THINGS TO **DO**.



NOW THE HOOKS DURING THE SALDWIN CLIMB, BESSIE COULD SEE DR HUGHES' OFFICE CLEARLY. "THAT'S NOT HIM!" SHE THOUGHT. WHEN SHE SAW THE STRANGER INSIDE, **WARR** WAS HE? PERHAPS TELLING THE POLICE EVERYTHING HE **KNEW** ABOUT HER?



SHE COULDN'T ALLOW THAT.

BESSIE SHE COULD SEE THE FILING CABINETS CONTAINING THE RECORDS, NOTES, REPORTS, AND TAPES ABOUT HER, ABOUT HOW **WRONG** SHE WAS.



BESSIE KNEW SHE'D HAVE TO **BURN** THEM.

THERE WAS NO HURRY. BESSIE HAD NO **BETTER** PLACE TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON. SHE WOULD STRETCH OUT IN THE TALL **WHEATSTRAW**.



AND WATCH FOR DR HUGHES' RETURN.

GEORGE MURPHY REALLY DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO GO ON. IN FACT, SO LITTLE IT WAS DEPRESSING. SO FAR, HE'S FAILED TO ESTABLISH A CONNECTION BETWEEN BESSIE CROSS AND JAMES BRADLES.

HE HAD NOTHING EXCEPT ELIZABETH'S DESCRIPTION OF BESSIE AND AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.



ON AN IMPULSE, HE RODE OUT TO THE PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO. HE WRITING A SECOND OPINION OF BESSIE FROM SOMEONE WHO HAD ACTUALLY SEEN HER, AND BESIDES, PRUDHOMES WOULDN'T BE BACK AT THE CLINIC FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR SO.



THAT'S OUR IMPRINT, ALL RIGHT. BE WE HAVEN'T USED THAT KIND OF PAPER IN YEARS. I GUESS THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO MIGHT REMEMBER IT IS OF SODGE. HE'S IN THE DARKROOM.



SURE, I REMEMBER BESSIE CROSS AIN'T AN EASY KID TO FORGET. HEARD LITTLE BRAT! I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY HER FATHER RAN OFF, ANYWAY I COULDN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT DATE, BUT IT'S BEEN AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS SINCE THAT PICTURE WAS TAKEN.

THIRTY YEARS! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

LATER, OVER TWO CUPS OF COFFEE AND A HOT BASTARD SANDWICH, MURPHY PONDERED THE SIGNIFICANCE OF IT ALL. HE PUT A QUARTER IN THE JUKE BOX, FLIRTED WITH THE WAITRESS AND MANAGED TO KILL THE REMAINDER OF AN HOUR.



THEN HE SET OUT TOWARD THE CLINIC.

FOR OVER AN HOUR
BESSIE SAT, STILL AS
A STONE, IN THE WILD-
BRUSH BEHIND THE
CLINIC, WATCHING
BUTTERFLIES GROW
AND LETTING THE SUN-
SHINE WARM HER
BACK. SHE SAW THE
DRY HELP—MOLDING
HUGHES' SUBSTITUTE
—WALKER OUT, AND
THE NIGHT HELP
FILTER IN.



REPORT: 27-X
SUBJECT: Bessie Cross

Bessie seemed to be making progress. I was hopeful she'd soon resume a normal life. But at 16, she became pregnant by a boyfriend. They never married; he was killed in the service three months later.



Bessie, despite being unwell, was ecstatic about the child. It seemed to give her a new purpose for being alive.

IT ENDED IN A DISASTER. WORSE, THE DOCTOR TOLD HER SHE WAS UNWORTHY OF HAVING OTHER CHILDREN. THIS WAS THE ULTIMATE REJECTION—A CHILD REFUSING TO BE BORN AND DENYING HER RIGHTFUL MOTHERHOOD—AND WAS BESSIE'S FINAL BREAK WITH NORMALCY.



THE REALIZATION THAT DR. HUGHES' OFFICE WAS EMPTY CAME UPON BESSIE, SO SUDDENLY IT STARTLED HER. HUMILITY BEING WHAT IT WAS, THE PREVIOUS OCCUPANT FORGOT TO CLOSE THE WINDOW.

THE FILES WERE THERE FOR THE DRIVING.



BESSIE SCRAMBLED OVER THE WINDOW LEDGE, UNWARE THAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLINIC

HI, DR. HUGHES.
ALL YOUR MESSAGES ARE
ON THE RECEPTIONIST'S DESK
AND THERE'S A DETECTIVE MURPHY
COMING TO SEE YOU—SOMETHING
ABOUT BESSIE CROSS.



THAT'S ODD. WOULD YOU GET HER FILE FROM MY OFFICE, PLEASE?

CERTAINLY.

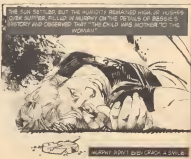
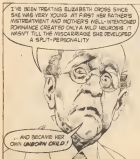


WHAT SHE DID WAS TO CREATE A CHILD IN HER
MIND, AN IMAGINARY DAUGHTER. ELIZABETH'S OWN
CHILDHOOD BECAME THE MODEL FOR 'BESSIE', A RE-
FLECTION OF HER OWN, SICK, TORTURED SELF.



'BESSIE' BECAME SO REAL, ELIZABETH DRESSED UP IN YOUTH-
FUL FASHIONS AND ACTED OUT HER EXISTENCE. AS ELIZABETH,
SHE WAS A CONCERNED, DUTIFUL MOTHER...AS 'BESSIE' SHE WAS
THE DAUGHTER SHE NEVER HAD. SHE LITERALLY LIVED TWO
SEPARATE, DISTINCT LIVES.





PROLOGUE





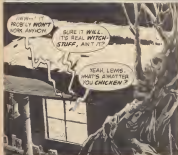
"HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN? HOW MANY? WE WERE ONLY KIDS PLAYING FORBIDDEN GAMES IN A CLUBHOUSE."

"ETERNAL YOUTH. SOUNDED GOOD AT FIRST, DIDN'T IT, WES?"

"D-RAMEN... 'CHOK'...
I - I DON'T THINK I
CAN."

"SURE YOU CAN, LEWIS.
YOU HAVE TO, HERE'S
THE KNIFE!"

SACRIFICE









I TOLD HER THAT MY DEAR BROTHER WANTED TO MEET HER OUT HERE IN THE SHED TO POOL AROUND. SHE ARRIVED AND **AND** TOOK ME FOR HIM IN THE DARKNESS.

WHEN SHE REACHED OUT TO KISS ME I DISMEMBERED HER ON THE HEAD WITH A TWO BY FOUR PLANK...

WAAAA!



BUT TIME GROWS SHORT. WE'D BEST GET ON WITH IT. WHO WANTS TO BE FIRST? LEWIS? BUDDY? AEB?

N-NO. I'D RATHER NOT...

HUH. UH... CHOICE? I... I HAD MY TURN!

P-YOU, DARNIE. PLEASE YOU!



MR. 'SASH' - I THOUGHT AS MUCH...

...HONESTLY 'DARNIE'...

I HAVE TO GO EVERY THIRTY' ROUND HERE! AHA-HAHA!

'SASH'...

CHOKK SQUKK!



THAT'S IT, GUYS BUDDY--?

N-NO 'CHOICE'... I... CAN'T... I...



I AM GHR!



W-WHAT'S HAPPENING... TO...

O-BUDDY BROKE THE FIRST 'LOOH'! LOOKIT 'EM!



M-REBBEN!



HE HAS A ROOL,
WANT HE, WES? SOFT,
AND IT CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.
JUST LIKE THE **STOLEN**
YEARS DID... EVENTUALLY.

I DON'T INTEND
TO LET THAT HAPPEN
TO ME, WES. DESPITE
THE **WARR**! NOT AS LONG
AS I STILL HAVE YOU...
TO SACRIFICE!



"MMMM---! THE **WARR**. IT SURE WAS
SOMETHING, WASN'T IT, WES?"

MURRY GOD...
CHUCK... THEY DID IT...
THEY ACTUALLY WENT AND
DID IT!

CHUCK... THAT
WAS NICE!

"...**WARR**? WE WERE RICH BEYOND OUR MILD-
EST DREAMS IN THE **WARR** THAT
FOLLOWED..."



BETTER IN **WARR**WORKS!
YOU SURE THEM THINGS
CAN'T AXE US, DAMIEN?

CORIN! TO THE **BOON**
THE ONLY WAYS WE CAN DO
ARE LIKE BUDDY. BY **RE-**
MOVING THE SACRIFICE...
OR BY OUR OWN HANDS.
THERE ARE NO OTHER WAYS.



WONDERFUL! SAY, ANY?
YOU GUYS BRING **WARR**-
MALLOW'S?

HOHO... L-LEWIS
ATE... WHILE THE
WORLD BURNED!
HAHAHA!



THIS'S **LEWIS**!
EVERYTHING WE EVER
WANTED!

YOU ALL HAVEN'T
HAPPENED TO SEE
ANY OTHER... UR...
SURVIVORS HAVE
YOU?

HEH, UR NOT
A **SOON**...



I WAS AFRAID
OF THAT

WES! WHAT'D YOU
GO AN DO THAT
FOR?

WHA---?
DOOPS!

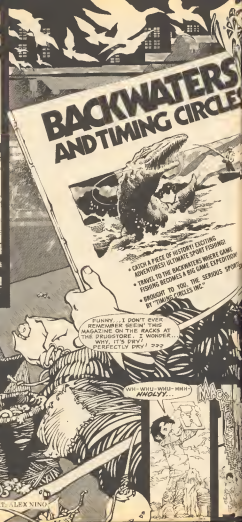


WHY WE'LL NEED A
SACRIFICE... WHEN THE TIME
COMES! HAHAHA! AND
LEWIS WILL DO NICELY,
I IMAGINE.

ARRGGHHA!

L-LEWIS... CHUCK...
BUT BUT... IT'S MORE
THAN A... **WARR**! TELL
CHUCK!--!







OH NO! WELL, LOOK HERE, CHARLES, LOOK WHO FOUND 'SACKWATERS' A BOY! DID YOU FIND THAT IN BAXTE'S POND, SON?

YESSIR

WELL, THEN YOU'RE THE ONE WHO FOUND IT. AND YOU'VE COME TO CATCH A PIECE OF HISTORY, HAVE YOU? WELL, WELL, IT'S **EXPENSIVE** TO DO SO... ARE YOU PREPARED TO PAY FOR THE FISHING TRIP?

UH...UH, UH... UH... HERE

WELL, IT USUALLY COSTS ABOUT **ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!** AND YOU **CAN'T** KEEP YOUR CATCH! I STILL WANT TO GO!

SHOOT, GUESS I'LL NEVER FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE STRANGE FISH, S'LONG

HOW MUCH... PLEASE?

WHALLY WANT TO BE A BIO TIME FISHERMAN, EH? COME HERE, SON... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY NAME'S **TED RATHERS** AND I'D DO ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO CATCH ONE OF YOUR FISH, MISTER

CALL ME MR GALE, TED. NOW, JUST CALL ME **GALE**. A COUPLE OF FISHING SUPPLIES WHO ARE GETTING READY TO CATCH A PIECE OF HISTORY SHOULD'NT BE FORMAL. BRING YOUR FISHING GEAR, **PARTNER**

YOU **II** BET!

IT **ISN'T** AN ELEVATOR. IT'S A **TIMING CIRCLE MACHINE**. Y'SEE, TIME ITSELF IS IN A **CIRCLE**. KEEP GOING INTO THE FUTURE A LITTLE WAY AND YOU COME RIGHT BACK TO THE PAST. AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING VIA THE **TIMING CIRCLE**. DIRECTLY TO

THE YEAR **ONE HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE MILLION B.C.**

WHAT THE HELL, CHARLES? I CAN TAKE THE KID BACK FOR A FEW HOURS. IT'S OFF SEASON ANYHOW. I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF TED. TILL WE GET BACK, READY, TED?

GOT YOUR **PIE'IN' KNIFE** TOO? GOSH, YOU MAY HAVE TO CUT YOUR LINE IF YOU CATCH SOMETHING TOO BIG

SAY, GALE... WHERE ARE WE GOING IN THIS ELEVATOR?

GASP! MY GOSH!

YESSIR!



THIS IS A DREAM!

YOU MEAN A DREAM COME TRUE? TED, THIS IS HOW OUR WORLD LOOKED **BEFORE** THE FIRST FISH CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA AND EVOLVED INTO MANY ANCIENT ANCESTORS. IT'S NO DREAM AND IT'S NO JOKE. DO YOU REMEMBER THE TIMING CIRCLE RULES?

RULES? UH... YEAH, YOU TOLD ME THAT I MUST NOT HARM ANYTHING I CATCH AND I **CAN'T** BRING MY CATCH HOME WITH ME. **NOTHING** IN THE SACKWATERS MAY BE KILLED OR HARMED IN ANY WAY.

RIGHT, AND YOU MUST DO ONLY AND EXACTLY WHAT YOUR **TIMING CIRCLES** GUIDE TELLS YOU, BECAUSE... IF WE **KILLED** A SINGLE MINNOW IN THESE BACK-IN-TIME WATERS, THE ENTIRE **FUTURE** HISTORY OF THE WORLD AND MANKIND COULD BE ALTERED BY THE TIME WE GOT HOME.

LET'S GO 'FISHIN', PAL!



THIS IS...
A DREAM!

YOU MEAN A DREAM
COME TRUE? TED, THIS
IS HOW OUR WORLD LOOKED
BEFORE THE FIRST FISH
CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA
AND EVOLVED INTO MAN'S
ANCIENT ANCESTORS. IT'S NO
DREAM AND IT'S NO JOKE. DO
YOU REMEMBER THE TIMING
CIRCLE RULES?

RULES? UH... YEAH.
YOU TOLD ME THAT I
MUST NOT **HARM** ANY-
THING I CATCH AND I
CAN'T BRING MY CATCH
HOME WITH ME. **NOTHING**
IN THE BACKWATERS MAY
BE KILLED OR HARMED
IN ANY WAY.

RIGHT, AND YOU
MUST DO ONLY AND
EXACTLY WHAT YOUR
TIMING CIRCLE GUIDE
TELLS YOU, BECAUSE...
IF WE **KILLED** A SINGLE
MINNOW IN THESE BACK-
IN-TIME-WATERS, THE
ENTIRE **FUTURE** HIS-
TORY OF THE WORLD
AND MANKIND COULD
BE ALTERED BY
THE TIME WE
GOT HOME.

LET'S GO
FISHIN', PAL!



IT'S SOME
EXPERIENCE, ISN'T
IT, YED? IT'S JUST
OVERPOWERING...
BREATHING IN LUNGS-
FULL OF THE SAME
AIR THE DINOSAURS
BREATHED!

IT'S JUST
GREAT, GALE! BUT
WHY DOESN'T EVERY-
ONE KNOW ABOUT
TIMING CIRCLES?



IF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT GOT WIND OF TIMING CIRCLES, OUR SECRETIVE LITTLE OFFICES WOULD BE CLOSED DOWN FOREVER!

THE REASON IS IF A FISHERMAN KILLED THE VERY FISH THAT CRAWLED OUT OF THE SEA AND BEGAN THE EVOLUTION INTO MAN...

YOU TELL ME WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, TED

I KNOW, IF I DIDN'T WORK FOR TIMING CIRCLES, I DOUBT I COULD HAVE AFFORDED A TRIP LIKE THIS. I'M GLAD WE CAME... AREN'T YOU... SON?

OOTCHA!

REMEMBER, MUM'S THE WORD ABOUT ALL THIS. BEHIND YOU HERE WAS A BIG CHANCE AND IF THEY FIND OUT... WE MIGHT NOT BE ABLE TO SNEAK AWAY AGAIN TO FISH HERE!

SURE AM!



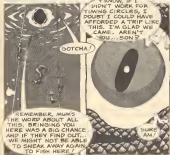
MAN WOULD CEASE TO EXIST.

EXACTLY, OR WORSE OR MUCH WORSE



WELL, THIS IS A GOOD SPOT, TEP! WE HAVE OUR TIMING CIRCLES PRIME FISHIN' SPOTS ALL CHARTED OUT, AND THIS IS THE BEST ONE! I'VE HAD CLIENTS PULL THINGS OUT OF THIS SPOT THAT YOU'VE NEVER IMAGINED BEFORE!

I'M READY TO START IMAGINING! OH, MAN! THIS IS THE GREATEST!



I'LL BET THERE'S NOT ANY REASON WHY WE COULDN'T SNEAK AWAY TO THE BACK-WATERS MORE OFTEN, WOULD YOU LIKE TH--??



YAHOO! STRIKE!!! I GOT A STRIKE!!



MR. GALE IT'S GONNA TEAR ME LOOSE FROM THE SEAT BELT! FEEEEEH!!

OH MY GOD!! MONSTER!! CUT THE LINE!!!

I CAN'T!!



OH NO-- MY GOD!!

IT TORE MY STRAP!!

GOT TO CUT THE LINE... UMPH!! IT'S... PULLING US... FIFTY... MILES PER HOUR!



MADE IT!!



YOU CUT THE LINE JUST IN TIME. BUT ... GOSH...

YEAH... GOSH...

MAYBE IT WAS AN ELASMOSAURUS ...OR A CRYPTO-CLEPUS.

DO THEY EAT KIDS?

HERE HE COMES!

Whooooosh!!

CARNIVORE!! COMING AT ME!!

PLEASE DON'T FALL IN, MR. SALE! I'LL KILL YOU DOWN THERE

"THE LOVE OF GOD, TED! HELP ME! HELP ME!"

NO, TED! NO! THE RULES! DON'T

WHAT CAN I DOOO?

NOOOO...

ADDTTTEEE!

KERRUNCH!

SINK!



WELL, IT
WORKED OUT
ALRIGHT AFTER
ALL...

YEAH, BUT
IT WAS MIGHTY
CLOSE.

YOU TOOK AN
AWFUL CHANCE
KILLING THAT
CREATURE.

IT WOULD
HAVE KILLED YOU.
GAY, HOW ARE THE
TEETH WOUNDS
IN YOUR BACK?

HEALED? SOOP
THING WE VORCHLAINS
HAVE MARVELOUS
REGENERATIVE
POWERS.

YOU STILL WANT
TO SNEAK OFF FISHING
IN THE BACKWATERS
AGAIN... GAY,
NEXT MONTH?

YOU BET!
AND SINCE WE
PROVED THAT ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN,
CAN I BRING OUR
CATCH HOME
NEXT TIME?

WELL, SON, I
PERSONALLY DON'T
SEE WHAT IT
WOULD HURT
...AFTER ALL.

THANKS
CIRCLES
IN

SPACE: 1999

SPACE: 1999 HAWK
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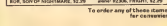
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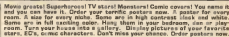
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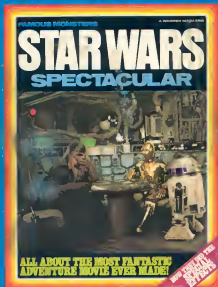
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